

sleeps in the prairies of Illinois, and for 23 years her voice has been hushed by death. Shall the years of our separation now bring further loss? Each, in parting thought more than words expressed. Let hope be strong. I yearn most earnestly to see here again the faces of those whom I love, and by whom I am loved. It may not be, but "we'll never say 'good-bye' in heaven." In heaven, then and there alone shall our fondest hopes be realized and our deepest fears be forever dispelled.

On Friday morning, the last stage of the journey was begun. More than 2000 miles yet lay before us, and each one added to the distance which separated us from those who knew and loved us best. Hour after hour we were whirled over the seemingly interminable prairies of the great and almost unknown west. For some hours, out of Kansas City we passed through fertile regions, with great fields of heavy corn, grain and hay, but later, we entered the belt in which hot winds are the dread of the farmer. The farmer had not escaped this year; his fields were dead, every leaf or blade having been cooked and dried by these American simooms. Even these scenes at last gave way to a vast expanse of undulating, rich looking prairie land, with no more corn fields nor other evidence of habitation. Great herds of cattle may be seen occasionally, and at long distances from each other a few small houses are seen. We wonder why any one should want to live there, and more than half pity the few people who have isolated themselves from the rest of the world when they came to such a place. It would be a splendid place for a hermitage. The ground was sparsely covered with short grass and seemed almost bare. But greater and more awful scenes of desolation and lifelessness were yet to come. Uninviting as is some of this great country, I doubt not but in years to come it shall all be reclaimed, and our present population be many times doubled. Flood the Staked Plains of Texas and furnish water for this thirsty land and it will support almost unnumbered thousands. Hot winds and lack of rain are the only things which are now holding it in check.

As we approach Pueblo, Col.,—a beautiful city which somehow looks out of place after having traveled over hundreds of miles of almost barren waste,—we see in the distance the rugged range and peaks of the Rocky mountains. It was our first sight of them or any other in fact. Pikes Peak was pointed out to me, and I was asked how far I supposed it was from us. Having heard something of the rarity of

mountain atmosphere and its influence on apparent distance, I made allowance for it and answered, "Twenty-five miles." Imagine my astonishment on being told that it was nearly if not quite one hundred and fifty miles away. I wondered if it appeared so large at so great a distance, how large it would appear if one should stand at its base or look from its summit. Thus was our desire to see more of the mountains increased. We were soon to be gratified, for by special train, eleven coaches of westward bound passengers were carried straight toward those seemingly impenetrable walls. At last we entered the magnificent Royal Gorge, and forgot all else for the time. Words cannot describe it, nor the feeling which comes into one's soul as it goes on up and up, each turn revealing yet greater wonders than those seen before. Perpendicular walls of rock, red, brown, gray, green and mottled rise abruptly from your side, and almost three thousand feet above you, you see their summits. The Arkansas river flows down this gorge and somehow, somewhere the railroad creeps by its side. As we pass through this scene of awful grandeur and sublimity none cares to speak. We only look. With uncovered head and reverential heart we at least feel something of omnipotence, and our souls rise toward Him by whom are all things. How small is man when compared with these eternal monuments of God's power. And yet, upon man he has bestowed the greater mark of his glory. These are awe inspiring, and make us afraid. To us and for us he has revealed himself as a loving parent,—as "Our Father who art in heaven." Upon the Rocky mountains, as I saw them, there is little of life; scarcely a shrub, nor bird, nor man, save in the few railroad villages we passed on our ascent. Theirs is the grandeur and sublimity of death. The high attitude affected my head very unpleasantly for a time,—a heavy, roaring sensation in the auditory region. As we drew near the summit this passed away. Several consumptives among the passengers suffered very keenly from the too rarified condition of the atmosphere. At Tennessee Pass, near Leadville we reached the summit and were more than ten thousand feet above the sea level. Then, with air-brakes tightly set, we began the slide down again. Night had come, and we were treated a pyrotechnic display,—fire flashing and sparks flying from rail, brake and wheel, for steel was grinding on steel, and the friction developed intense heat. The following morning,—the decent having been made in the night—we were once more in the midst of most desolate scenery. Crumbling hills of a peculiar palis-

ade like formation, and not a grass blade, tree nor shrub to relieve the monotony. Some stunted cottonwoods graced the banks of the few streams. Now and then we stopped at some water tank, where were a few houses,—the homes of section men and pumpmen, and almost invariably these places were veritable oases in the great desert. Grass, trees and flowers in great profusion. We were thus practically shown what water would do on these seemingly barren lands. Other and more rugged scenes came again as we approached and climbed over the Wasatch mountains, and came down into Salt Lake valley. It must indeed have been an almost prophetic eye which, forty years ago could have foreseen what could and would be brought out of the then barren land. But irrigation has done wonders there. As we approach the great Mormon Capitol, we pass almost constantly through prosperous looking villages and towns, between which are splendid fields of alfalfa, orchards and pastures thickly dotted with sleek cattle and horses.

(To be continued.)

Items of Interest.

—The Prince of Wales receives from the British people 40,000 pounds every year.

—The Erie canal in New York, was the first artificial waterway begun in this country. Ground was broken for this enterprise July 4, 1817.

—The greatest conquering prophet was Mohammed, whose religion, within three generations, spread over a large part of Asia, Africa and Europe, and now forms the faith of perhaps 300,000,000 of the human race.

—The greatest devotee was Budha, "The Light of Asia," "The Indian Christ." So powerful was the influence of this remarkable character over the human race that to-day it is estimated Budha's followers number 480,000,000.

—Praxiteles was the earliest and among the best of the Greek sculptors to express in stone the ideal grace of the human form. Such of his works as have been preserved are models to the sculptors of every age and country.

—A mint report says that "the nickel 5-cent piece furnishes a key to the metric system of measures and weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimeters, and its weight is five grammes."

—Colonel Walter Raleigh Gilbert, C. B., chief constable at Cornwall, who died in England the other day at the age of 83, was a descendant of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh.

—The first regular factory for manufacturing glass was established at Temple, N. H., in 1780, and was operated by imported German glassmakers.

—The first machine for the manufacture of cotton was invented in 1786. It was designed to card, rove, and spin the raw cotton into thread.

—The tea exportations from Japan this season have been only about half as large as last year.